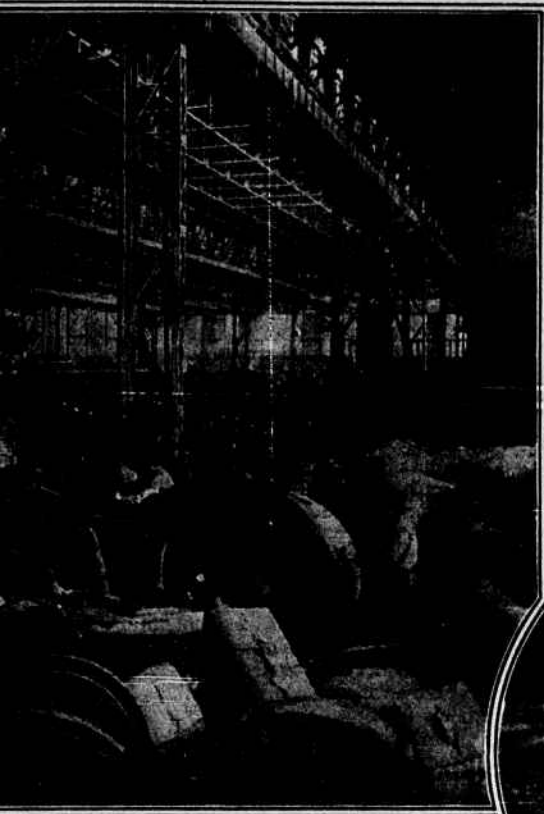


Is Picking Up

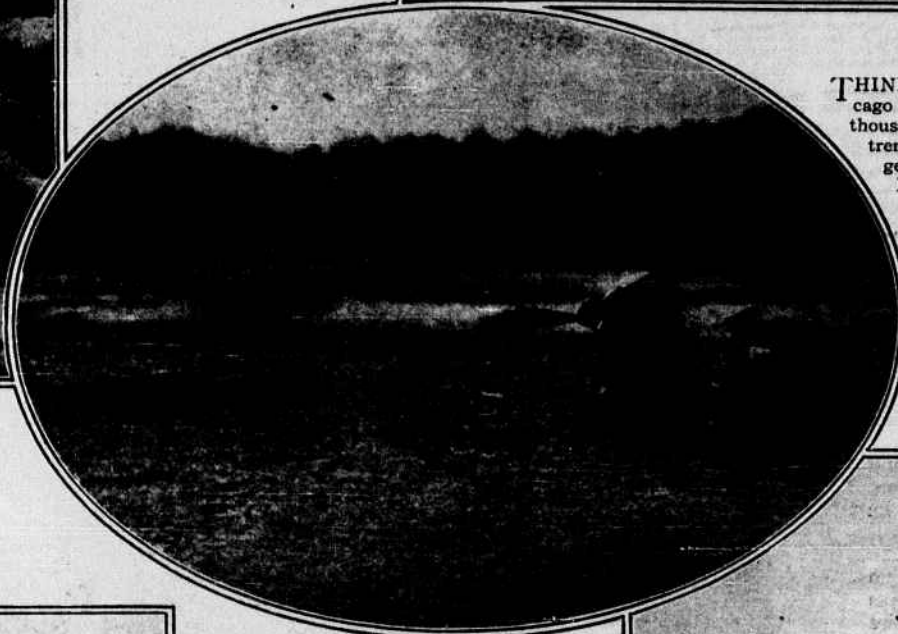
SOME day when you have all paid your subscriptions a couple of years in advance, we are going to take the \$1.85 and disappear and become a beach-comber. What more glorious life than to sit quietly on the edge and see what the sea washes up? Seaweed that you can sell to patent-medicine manufacturers, to be sold afterward to the public with a promise on green paper; and, once in a while, a nice chunk of ambergris, a small hunk of which is worth \$10,000. What are the wild waves paying?

Photograph by Brown Brothers.



wood & Underwood.

little factory has been picking up like the dickens young Bertha Krupp—you remember old man down by Skinner's? Sure. Well, when her grand-ent years back, it had three workmen and a pay- of ore-beds, blast-furnaces, and coal-mines, and roofs. They do say that Bertha talks right up to for fear she'll up and take away his Jack Johnsons.



THINK of the time you went out to Chicago to the World's Fair. That was a thousand-mile journey. Then imagine trenches dug all that long way, and you get some idea of the battle lines in Europe. And behind each line are the brave men and women whose business is picking up the wounded. Before 1864 there was no Red Cross Society. Then Henri Dunant presented the idea of a Red Cross Committee to all the nations, and international headquarters were established at Geneva.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



YOU thought you were pretty smart with your new field glasses when you spotted the other vessel on the horizon at eight bells. But the wireless operator looked down upon you from his little coop, and his glance was disdainful. For he knew the other vessel was there yesterday afternoon, and exchanged baseball scores for war news with the other wireless man. In this picture behold a new invention by Colonel George Squiers of the United States Army. With this head-piece clamped over his ears the wireless man can pick up a popular song with his right ear, while with his left he is getting the latest from Wall Street.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



"I CAN pick up as mucha" (no, not misspelled: dialect) "as when I was twenty," says Gramondi, "and I am so many years over twenty that if you gave me a cigar for each year, it would take me three weeks to smoke 'em." Gramondi trained Jim Corbett, and made Sandow "what he is to-day," and for \$25 he guarantees to make any man exactly three times as strong as he finds him. "I care not what country he comes from," says Gramondi, "France, England, Chelsea, or Hoboken."



HE looks like a tramp, but he's really an actor, and he plays on the emotions of the simple passer-by for a living. His stage properties consist of an old hunk of bread, and his stage business is picking up. A simple little skit: He puts his faithful old hunk of bread on the sidewalk, steps into a doorway, marshaling his features to register "hunger," and waits for an audience with a kind face. When such an audience approaches, he hobbles forward, registering "starvation," and throws himself ravenously on the hunk of bread. Naturally, the kind-faced person says: "Here, my good man. Buy yourself some calves' brains."

Photograph by Brown Brothers.